

See, and then speake your felues: awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarm Bell: Murther, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine: *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe: vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme, Banquo,*
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Bussinesse?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake:
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O *Banquo, Banquo,* Our Royall Master's murther'd.

Lady. Woe, alas:

What, in our House?

Ban. Too cruell, any where.

Deare *Duff,* I prythee contradiſt thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortalitie:
All is but Toyes: Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stop't, the very Source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't:
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they star'd, and were distracted,
No mans Life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutrall, in a moment? No man:
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan,*
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance: there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore: who could reſtraine,
That had a heart to loue; and in that heart,
Courage, to make's loue knowne?

Lady. Helpe me hence, hoa.

Macd. Looke to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may clayme this argument for ours?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May rush, and seize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Looke to the Lady:

And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further: Feares and scruples shake vs:
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndiulg'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readinesse,
And meet it'h' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Mal. What will you doe?

Let's not comfort with them:
To shew an vnfelt Sorrow, is an Office
Which the false man do's easie,
He to England.

Don. To Ireland, I:

Our seperated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer:
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Mal. This murtherous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted: and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horse,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But shift away: there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steales it selfe, when there's no mercie left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosse, with an Old man.

Old man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue scene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange: but this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans Aft,
Threatens his bloody Stage: byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trauailing Lampe:
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it?

Old man. 'Tis vnnatural,
Even like the deed that's done: On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon trowing in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowling Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And *Duncans* Horses,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Beauteous, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalls, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Rosse. They did so:

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good *Macduffe.*

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Rosse. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were subborned,

Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes

Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them

Suspition of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst Nature still,

Thriftlesse Ambition, that will rauen vp

Thine owne liues meanes: Then 'tis most like,

The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth.*

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone

To be inuested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-houe of his Predecessors,

And Guardian of their Bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Coffin, He to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things wel done there: Adieu

Least our old Robes fit easier then our new.

Rosse. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benyson go with you, and with those

That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'd'st most fowly for't: yet it was saide
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope. But hush, no more.

*Seruit sounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Rosse, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had bene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all thing vnbecomming.

Macb. Tonight we hold a solemne Supper fir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse

Command vpon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tye

For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

(Which still hath been b
In this dayes Councell:
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my L
'Twill this, and Supper.

I must become a borrow
For a darke houre, or tw

Macb. Faile not our

Ban. My Lord, I wi

Macb. We heare ou

In England, and in Irela

Their cruell Parricide, fi

With strange inuention

When therewithall, we

Crauing vs loyntly. Hy

Adieu, till you returne a

Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. I, my good Lo

Macb. I wish your l

And so I doe commend

Farwell.

Let euery man be maste

Till seuen at Night, to n

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe

While then, God be wi

Sirra, a word with you

Our pleasure?

Seruant. They are,

Gate.

Macb. Bring them l

To be thus, is nothing, l

Our feares in *Banquo* st

And in his Royaltie of

Which would be fear'd

And to that dauntlesse

He hath a Wisdome, tha

To act in safetie. Ther

Whose being I doe fea

My Genius is rebuk'd, a

Mark. *Antonies* was by

When first they put the

And bad them speake t

They hayl'd him Father

Vpon my Head they pla

And put a barren Scept

Thence to be wreight

No Sonne of mine succ

For *Banquo's* issue haue

For them, the gracious

Put Rancours in the V

Onely for them, and mi

Giuen to the common l

To make them Kings, t

Rather then so, come F

And champion me to th

Who's there?

Enter Seruant

Now goe to the Doore

Was it not yesterday w

Murth. It was, so

Macb. Well then

Now haue you confide